

The Western Mirror

Edited and Printed by the Students of Western Canada High School

VOL. 3.

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA, DECEMBER 20th, 1937.

NO. 12

Merry Christmas!

December, 1937.

This is the season of the year when one is, or should be influenced by the Spirit of Christmas. This spirit is exemplified by giving — the object, of course, being to help in making people happy. And it is true that the giver is happier than the receiver.

Thus, as I am hopeful of being very happy this Yuletide, I wish to give and give freely, but I am faced with the fact that I am Scotch, so I am forced to limit my "giving" to greetings and advice.

My greetings to all at "Western" are wishes for a Christmas season filled with the joy of giving AND of receiving. If you have as merry a time as I wish you to have, 1937 will be a memorable one for you.

For the New Year, I extend a hope that the Spirit of "Western" will continue to grow and become a part of each one so that he or she may take into that greater field — your community — the spirit of tolerance and good will which is so necessary in our world to-day.

To all a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happier New Year.

JOE. H. ROSS.

Heated Discussions at Council Meeting

New Constitution Passed; Glen German Is President for School Year; Representatives Must Attend Meetings

In what proved to be the most important and exciting meeting yet held, the Students' Council passed some important legislation. A new constitution was drafted and passed.

For the first time in its history, Western is to have a written constitution. For the past few years the school has been laboring under many unwritten laws. This was declared unsatisfactory. For three full hours the representatives debated, amended and voted on many issues. Each clause in the constitution was read, reread and debated upon before being put to a vote. Finally the entire document was completed. A synopsis will be published later.

The meeting reached a climax when, after a heated debate, Glen German's motion that the length of the President's term of office be lengthened, was passed by a small majority.

The assembly will hold regular monthly meetings on dates to be decided in the coming year. All room representatives who do not attend meetings in future will lose their seats unless they have permission from the president to leave.

CLASS SUBSCRIBES 100 PER CENT

As was anticipated by the Year Book staff, senior students have signed up for the Acatec in large numbers. One or two classes in particular surpassed all expectations with their support. Class 12B subscribed overwhelmingly with 100%. Class XI-L also displayed great co-operation by signing up with 95%. With similar help from all classes, success is assured. Over 700 students have subscribed altogether.

Merry Dance Concludes School Activities

On Wednesday, Dec 22nd the activities of the student body of the school will officially close for the term, when the Junior Prom, will be held in the Auditorium. The dance is being sponsored by the Students' Council and it is hoped it will be supported.

Bert Follett's band has many novelties arranged for the evening. The floor will be in good condition, while the Christmas spirit will prevail.

The Western Mirror

Edited, printed and published for the students of
William Hamilton High School, Calgary, Alberta.
Ed. O'Grady

SPORTS:

Alf. Minchin Hendry Perry Olive Lomas

SOCIAL:

Ky. Maclean Dorothy Thompson Bette Burland

HUMOR:

John Shapter Ken. Penley

SCANDAL:

Wilse Jessee, Bernice McKim Jack Ricks,

Eleanor Williamson, Robt. King, Glen Cummings

Stu. Munro Pat Stirton

ART — Jack Beavers

EXCHANGE — Allan Avery,
Betty Robertson

PROOF EDITOR — Betty
Morrison

CIRCULATION — Sam Geffen,
Lucy Pierce

SECRETARY-TREASURER:
Reg. Mawer.

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Ralph Kirk, Bill Dunnett



INTERNATIONAL
FIRST PLACE

This Week's Quotation

*The deeds of charity we have done shall
stay with us forever. Only the wealth we
have bestowed do we keep; the other is not
ours. —Middleton.*

"MIRROR" REFLECTIONS

THIS is the last edition of the 1937 production of the "Western Mirror." In all, twelve issues have appeared since our premiere early in October.

This firm's "Mirror," we believe, has been an improvement over previous years. On the whole there have been about six changes in the paper's organization and layout. First, we started early—the first paper meeting being held late in September. Second, we stepped up production from a six-page, bi-weekly publication to an eight-page weekly one. Third, new fea-

tures appeared, mostly of a humorous nature. Fourth, new cuts have been made. Fifth, the quantity of Scandal has been doubled. Lastly, a streamer headline has been run whenever possible, thus giving the first page a more professional appearance.

We have just listed what we have done. Now we mention a few of the improvements planned for the edition of '38. In 1938 we graduate from a two to a three column paper. This new "Mirror" will be both longer and wider, and it is hoped that the circulation will increase as well as the space. An artistic masthead (list of staff) has been designed and will appear in next year's paper. Several aspiring journalists have offered to write features for the "Mirror" and their columns are being given careful consideration. A column on fashion shows especial promise—so girls, watch for it!

Financially, the paper has been fairly successful. Although one or two representatives let us down badly, on the whole they are a loyal bunch and we take this opportunity to thank them for their co-operation. While the paper has made a profit this year do not be under the impression that we are gold hoarders. We pay a printing bill of seven and a half dollars a week. Add to this, a two dollar membership fee set aside for all members of the staff admitted to the Quill and Scroll Society. On top of this consider that the paper is paying for the rugby cuts for the Year Book, so one readily sees where our money is going.

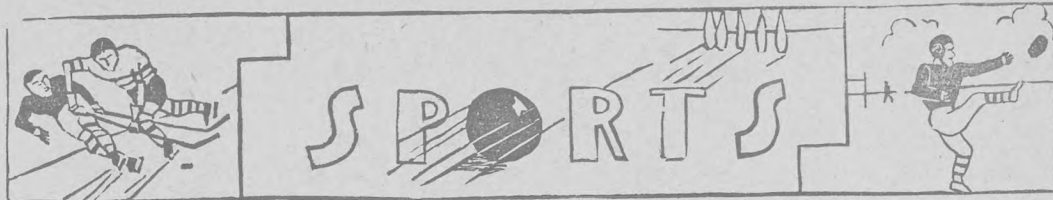
In conclusion, may we wish all our readers the compliments of the season and make a New Year's resolution that the 1938 "Mirror" will be bigger and better than ever before.

ALPHA BETA RHO

The Alpha Beta Rho Sorority are having a party with their joint fraternity to be held the night before New Years at the Avenue Grill. The

GAMMA TAU

The bi-monthly meeting of the Gamma Tau Sorority was held on December 8th at the home of Miss Betty Lunn. The girls decided to hold their annual New Year's Eve party at Penley's. The Gamma Tau wish to extend to the students of Western, compliments of the season.



Junior Hockey Prospects Are Bright This Year

**Mr. Parry, Coach and Team Manager, Very
Optimistic Over Prospects of Junior
Hockey This Season**

Westerns Junior hockey prospects are reported as very bright for the coming season by Mr. Parry, manager and coach of the team.

An excellent turn-out answered the first call to practice, and the biggest difficulty at present is reducing the strength of the squad to the 15 or 16 players which will be carried, as all the boys are working hard to secure a place. Twelve players will be allowed to dress for league games this year.

If anything, the forward lines this year will be even speedier than last year, when Western Juniors took the league championship. The defence is expected to continue the hard-hitting of last year's rear-guard, which was an important feature of that team. All together, prospects are bright for Western to repeat and again bring home the honors.

The first league game will be held at the Arena during the Christmas vacation, and a good turn-out of school supporters is urged to cheer the team. Watch daily papers for the time and date of this, and future games.

BADMINTON

The staff representatives for the Badminton Club, extend Christmas and New Year's greetings to the president, Jim Humphries, his executive and all members and adherents of the club. (Signed) Miss M. B. Moore, Miss Grace Rogers, Mr. Ireton, Mr. T. H. Fountain, Mr. George Collinson.

Several School Hockey Stars Are Banned

**Interscholastic League Rule Prevents West-
ern from Using Star Hockey Players**

At a recent meeting of the Interscholastic Hockey League it was decided that two players, playing for Junior teams in the A.H.A. in the city league, could be used on a senior high school club.

If this rule had been entirely done away with, Western would have come upon a gold mine of hockey talent. For no less than five players could have been captured. There being John Richardson, Merv. Kelly, Ross McIntyre, Hugh Cosgrove and Hank Perry. All these, except Cosgrove, who played for C.C.I. last year, played on the Western team of '36-'37.

But in spite of this, and the fact remaining that only two of these boys will be eligible, Western should have a good team to put into the race for hockey honors. Mr. Foster has the boys out at the Crystal rink every Tuesday and Thursday.

Those who looked good at practices are Bobbie Steedman, captain of last year's Junior champs; Ken Clayton and Bob Steedman of last year's seniors; Walt Corry and Jim Powell of Juvenile ranks, and Ronnie Taylor, star goalie of last year's Junior Champs. With these and a few good prospects and two of the eligible Juniors, Western's hopes for senior championship look very high in this corner's estimation. Here's hoping you do it, boys.

The Senior hockey team promises to be exceptional this season and many excellent players have turned out.



Christmas Comes But Once A Year

If you're looking for red-hot Scandal—go to the Socials. Harry Gerus dances with the same girl every Wednesday. Elmer Woods serenades Muriel Sutton with "The One Rose." And just watch Len Broomfield grandstanding . . . he's always first on the floor. Bob Hutton and Bill McAfee have sworn off women. Of course, we all know McAfee will be the first to break the resolution. We hear he doesn't like his new seat in the 4th period because he can't see Olive Lomas so well. Who's the gorgeous blonde that Derec Davies makes eyes at in the 3rd period? Two-timing on Bernice, eh Derec? Fred Corbutt is all in the air over Mary McKinnon — Cradle-snatcher! Beth Adam's boy friend even changed the date of the Mount Royal Prom so she could go . . . this must be love! Bill Perry doesn't seem to know the score so Doris Howatt proceeded over to C.C.I. and grabbed herself a man . . . wake up, Bill, wake up. Hazel Dickson can't seem to make up her mind . . . she enjoys Physics period with John Watson and she enjoys Tom Roasland's car. Bob Bird is always speaking of a Rosena and a Frances—he can't seem to make up his mind. And Rosena Lee smiles at Bob Bird and Alex Broda . . . another infernal triangle!

What's this? We hear Jack Creasy is a true Scotchman . . . he intends marrying the minister's daughter (Betty Morgan) just so he can evade the hitching fee . . . Oh, these Scots! Bill Hartney and Vivian MacDonald spend all their time along talking over childhood days . . . I'll wager they don't talk much. Our latest newcomer to Western, Bruce Stanhope, seems to have fallen quite hard already . . . the lass is Ruby Dibby. Bill Ellison and Joan Clements had rare fun at Penley's Friday . . . how long has this been going on? If Philip Bridgeman doesn't stop making eyes at the girls in the spare, he'll find himself in the office. (Mrs. Robertson asked me to put this in.). Robert Bingham says the white on his coat was flour . . . since when did they start per-fuming flour, Robert?

Why did Mrs. Pierce have a large spotlight put at the back of the Pierce home. Perhaps she is making sure that her daughters bid their escorts good-night with a handshake only.

John Shapter's poetry is just like an escape of gas—something's wrong with the meter.

Frank Cormack has lately been noticed with Bette Burland. To be Frank, I'll Bette this will come to something.

Paul Skirrow is in love. How do you neck yourself, Paul?

Gentleman Jim Maguire has a growing thought for Dorothy McIvor.

We thought Jack Ricks was strong-minded. And he's too shy to even ask Ky McLean for a dance at the Socials. Come, come, Jack.

Could someone please tell the girls of 9C who Margaret Job's boy friend is.

Why was Joan Bellingham so down-hearted the other day? Is Colin Drew worrying you, Joan?

We wonder how Muriel Sutton manages through English period when Elmer Woods is not there?

Hazel Black goes all the way up to Mount Royal rink to do her skating. Joe Brackenbury isn't the attraction is he, Hazel?

Grace Barrett has a good excuse to get acquainted in the spare. She asked Normy Orr for ink the other day. Tell us some more of your "get acquainted" gags, Grace.

Paul Lancaster spends all his week-ends with a Crescent girl. Where's your school spirit, Paul?

Was Don Patterson's face red when he and Catherine Brock came up from the basement that night at Lois Barnes'.

Ask Norm Galloway who the "swell girls" were he met at the Glac ier skating rink.

Bob Barroll seems to be a regular Romeo for the girls in Algebra class—that's what they think.

Betty Mirtle and Peggy Hanna have forsaken Western lads for two Centralites. (Especially Peggy; could it be George Burrell?)

Ralph Van Duzee doesn't like Jack Garland's name being mentioned with Kay Salter's. Not jealous, are you?



And Some Scandal Too We Fear

Jerry Grant asked what a female sheep was; the answer came back "ewe"; then the unpleasantness started.

Jim Salter's wallet is very precious to him now. No wonder—look whose picture is in it!

Jack Garland has Ralph on his trail now. Never mind, Ralph, true love never did run smoothly.

Nobody could have looked more disgusted than Betty Wilson when it was reported that Bill Ellison held V. McDonald's hand at the show.

It took Alan Carlson a long time to get going—but when he did he really went for Margarete O'Brien.

Why does Joan Bellingham prefer cars to buses—we wonder?

We felt sorry for Bill Spencer on Friday after school. He waited till 5 o'clock for Vernice Pierson, not knowing she had gone home. Too bad, Bill.

George Johnston is trying his hardest to become the apple of Connie Wood's eye. What's the matter with Viola, George?

They tell us love struck Cleo Cassion and Jack Settrington hard in the history class.

So far Ken Goodfellow has kept out of the limelight, but we know he prefers red-heads.

Marg. Munson is wearing a ring that belongs to Greg Todd. The reason is he's gone away—that's one reason anyway.

What's wrong with the Jack Leslie-Doris Hoar team. O.K., I get it—Alf Lea.

It sure is hard on Mush McMurchy because there are so many meetings for Lucy Pierce to attend. He waits all the time though.

Oh, so he comes from another school, does he? Well, that's interesting. That's how you spend your enjoyable evenings is it, J. Cranstoun? Never mind objecting, we know all about it by the love look in your eyes.

One of Western's brunettes stated she thought "Ginger" Robt. King was shy. Boy, is she dumb!

Personal to Dot Gillies: Referring to above, Dorothy, you haven't anything to say.

Things are going from bad to worse and from worse to Bert Follett. This certain great swinger was seen in Toyland with one of our Western co-eds.

Have you heard of the latest? Joan Clement's and Bill Saunders. Oh, boy, do they go to town!

We wonder how Bob Ross spends his evenings alone, or does he? Preparing for the dual life of a bachelor, Bob?

Has Ethel Harvey's recent fall for Art Roberts anything to do with her recent interest in Bill Alger?

From reliable sources we have found that Bert Hughes wishes for one reason that he had gone to Commercial. Do her initials happen to be L.C., Bert?

Rolly Bradley sure is peeved. He thought he had Marg Mursun to himself, but Fred Hart butted in.

After hearing a vocational talk, two Grade X self-confidents were talking over their prospective professions. Said one: "I'm going to be an aviator; I've been air-minded for years."

Replied the other: "Guess I'll be a garage mechanic; I've been tow-headed all my life."

Speaking of cars, here's a hot one. George Bertram has revealed his latest invention which can be installed in any automobile, and will most likely receive its initial trial next time Doris MacKay invites George to a musical recital at her parent's home. The invention is a type of combined cuckoo clock and speedometer. When the car goes 45 miles an hour the jigger will sing "Nearer My God to Thee." At 80 miles an hour the whistles sing "Lord I am Coming home."

Why comment?

Johnny's Journal

Greetings, salutations and incidentally, hello! Heigh ho! Jingle bells! Whoopee! And all that stuff 'n' things. Once again the Christmas holiday season is upon us. The time has come for every good student to cast down brush or pen and forsake the pleasure of going to school for the grim business of making merry and saying hello to 1938. (I think there's something wrong up there in that last sentence. So at this time it becomes my painful duty to broadcast warnings. Many young fellows go forth in the festive manner to dance. That's a swell idea. BUT! They come home veddy, veddy "tired" and it's not from dancing. THAT'S not a swell idea. Here, I, on bended pen nib, implore you to see everything in the holidays "from above the table." And remember lamp posts are to hold up lights, not ottymobeels and sundry other results of general carousing. That, ladys and slugs, concludes this week's sermon.

FLASH! Johnny makes revolutionary discovery! It would seem that LOVE is what the song writer had in mind when he wrote the immortal "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life." But I know from experience that such is not the case. The only thing he could possibly have been thinking of to bear such a title, was either a Chinese laundry ticket or one of the complicated thingummybobs which the downtown department stores call sales books. Me, oh my, your correspondent never saw so many intricate gewgaws and red tapish hoot-nannys in his life! 'S'a fact! They sign more stuff and make more fuss about selling a shirt than they do over in Russia about bumping off a general or three.

Is Bob Freeze too bashful to ask a girl to the dance on the 23rd? Go ahead, Bob, I know she'd love to go. Wouldn't you, Doris? . . . Stu Henderson says "I'll be faithful" while Dolores Heiters is away. . . . They say absence makes the heart grow fonder—for somebody else. But not so with Bert Follett, who counts the minutes till Isabelle Snowdon will be home.

Here's another warning. It's written by Berton Braley. This chap took the words right out of my mouth! Them's my sentiments, pardner! Ya got sumthing thar!

THE WARNING

By Berton Braley.

Keep away from women, boy,
And play a lonely game,
For the bad ones make you crooked
And the good ones make you tame.
They want to keep you sheltered
From the stress and storm of chance,
And they hold you from adventure
By the spell of soft romance.
Keep away from women, boy,
They either break your heart
With falseness and with mockery
And coldly cruel art,
Or else, with changing kisses
And with fond and loving charm,
They keep you from the struggle
And they spoil your fighting arm!
Keep away from women, boy,
Wherever they may lurk,
They make your courage falter
And they play the deuce with work;
They weave you silken fetters
Which are stronger far than steel;
They rob your soul of daring
And your heart and brain of zeal!
Keep away from women, boy,
And shun their loveliness,
And you shall tread unswervingly
The pathway to success.
The world shall hail you master.
And fortune heed your call,
And you shall reach the lonely heights—
And never live at all!
Nuts!—J.S.

Well, friends, in a few days you will be leaving the halls of Western to go your several ways for the holidays, so at this time I say:

Best wishes for a Happy Holiday, Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, and no Hangovers.

Your Pal, JOHNNY.

Clubs, Frats and Sororities

Editors: Ky. MacLean, Dorothy Thompson and Bette Burland.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

We, the members of the Western Mirror staff, join in extending you the compliments of the season. Don't forget to report your club activities to the Social Editor in time for the after Christmas issue.

ATTEND YOUR SOCIALS

The Wednesday afternoon socials have proved very popular to date. Bert Follett's "Two Timing Swingsters" have improved greatly. In a little while Jerry Fuller had better watch out.

Westernites are very fortunate in being the only school in town having this chance to strut their stuff. Everything from Waltzes to the Big Apple are displayed in their various forms on the floor. Everyone claims they enjoy the socials, so if you haven't come out, now is the time for all good people to come to the aid of socials.

Come on out and let's put the socials over with a bang.

OMEGA SIGMA TAU

A meeting was held at the home of Harry Marshall on Saturday, Dec. 11, at which two new brethren were initiated. After the meeting a business meeting was held and many matters discussed. To conclude, the boys tore into an immense feed.

THE STAMP CLUB

The Stamp Club is holding its meetings in W15 every Monday afternoon. Great enthusiasm is being shown by the members, and with the new catalogue, which has just been obtained, it is expected that the meetings will be more interesting and greater progress made. All stamp collectors should make a point of attending and they will be very welcome.

DRAMATIC CLASS WILL PRESENT "RIVALS" SOMETIME IN FEB.

Sometime in February the Dramatic classes of the school purpose producing this delightful old 18th century comedy of manners.

That the play should have endured for nearly three hundred years, speaks for its excellence as an actor's vehicle. It is light and nonsensical—the plot is a mere thread about which dance the crinolined and be-wigged damsels and dandies of the fashionable and gay resort of Bath.

The production of the play necessitates the co-operation of a very large number of students. Under Mary Oakes' enthusiastic and efficient leadership, groups of clever seamstresses are creating the lovely colorful frocks of the period. Stage crews, with Elmer Dargie indefatigably on the job, are working on sets designed in the Art department of Mr. Irwin. In the electrical shops lighting equipment is under construction and continually, by their side, scene by scene rehearsals go on.

Work? Oh, yes! But fun, too—even when the inevitable sacrifices of time and pleasure are involved. For the play must go on! We hope you'll like it!

RHO SIGMA TAU

At the regular meeting of the Rho Sigma Tau Sorority, held at the home of Miss Beryl Kirk, arrangements were made to spread a little Christmas cheer to some of our less fortunate and needy population. Christmas Eve will find the girls delivering hampers which will brighten the following day considerably for a number of little girls and boys. We would like to congratulate these girls for the good work they are doing and think it very fine of them to take the time out on Christmas Eve, "the busiest day in the year," to bring happiness to those less fortunate than themselves. Merry Christmas to them—they deserve it. See you in the New Year. Don't get too festive and don't forget to make nice resolutions—even if you break them before you get home on New Year's morning.



O'Grady Sez--

Regard "Scare-face" Shapter

As a gesture of goodwill, it was decided at the last meeting of the Anti-Shapter League, to give the object of our affections his choice in the matter of sending him from this world to the next. (You can bet your last shirt he won't be sprouting wings at his next stop-over.) And so, Johnny, take your pick. You may be either murdered or assassinated, boiled in oil, baked in butter or burned at the stake, minced, sliced or shredded—who knows or who cares. We will even cut your hair at the throat. But in all seriousness, Johnny, because of the approaching festive season, I am willing to forgive and forget, and so I am going to tell Santa to leave you—a hole in your stocking.

Modern Youth

This all occurred some years ago, in fact, it took place when Tom Angus was still in his prime. I mean to say—it was a week before Christmas and Tom was two days old. A visitor, calling at the Angus home, stooped and patted the infant.

"How are you, sonny?" he smiled. "Have you put in your order to Santa Claus yet?"

Two-day-old Tom made a very face. "Don't kid me with that Santa Claus nonsense," he growled. "I wasn't born yesterday!"

IF—

—You are not too sick of seeing my name plastered all over this confounded publication (and it is not my fault either.)

—You are not too disgusted with my junky jokes.

—You are not too fed up with this feud between John Shapter and myself.

Then, dear readers (or reader) I wish you well, the Season's Greetings and "O'Grady Sez" will meet again in 1938.

J. Beavers (as he slowed down a bit): Whee! Dont you feel glad you're alive?

A. Snaddon (much scared): Glad isn't the word. I'm amazed.

There's only one thing that's worse than trying to whittle with the knife you lent the girl friend to sharpen a pencil with. Yes, sir, and that's trying to write with the pencil.



SUPER SNOOP

Whoa, Dancer! Whoa, Prancer! With these words Santa Snoop comes a-skidding into the Western Mirror. Just in case you wonder where I've been, I'll tell you. I was up north visiting that jolly old gentleman, the one and only—Santa Claus!

I arrived in Santa Town, walked into Santa Claus' house and lo, and behold! there he was taking a bath. As soon as he saw me, he asked me to scrub his back. I wouldn't until he agreed to let me read the mail he got from the little boys and girls of Western Canada High School. So here it is:

Ted Mackintosh wrote this, in his own cute way:

Dear Santa Claus: I have been a good little boy all year. I have never played hookey from school? And I have been very courteous to the girls. (Too courteous, if you ask me.) So please bring me a nice big pea-shooter, a water pistol and a sling shot. Amen! Gently yours.—Teddy.

Norman Radunsky wrote next:

Hi, Santa Claus, ol' kid! Whatcha gonna bring me this time? I hope you bring me a doll. Be sure she says Mamma when you tip her over. And don't forget I like my dolls with blonde hair. So long, toots.—Norman Radunsky.

P.S.—Santa, you can get the doll cheaper at the Hardwareteria.

Phyllis Bartlett writes:

I am a delicate little girl with nothing to do. I have no toys, so won't you please bring some nice feminine ones. I would like an air rifle, a Winchester and a box of shells. That's all for now. Sweetly yours.—Phyllis Bartlett.

There were hundreds of other letters asking for things ranging from grass skirts to Ford cars. (It was Gordon Hart who wanted the grass skirt.) Santa told me to wish you all "Season's Greetings" and to rest assured that you will all get what you asked for. I wish you all a Merry Christmas.—Super-Snoop.